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A ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH.

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

THE average human biped, and the fire at which he warms himself, have one or two things in common. In the first place, they are both burning. Secondly, they both make ashes. Thirdly, they both need fresh air, or neither could go on burning long.

Everybody knows that the body is constantly undergoing a process of pulling down and building up. Every bit of work we do literally and absolutely means so much of our bodies reduced to ashes, and every meal we eat is fresh fuel to the fire. Our bodies are living furnaces, slow furnaces, very slow, but furnaces in deed and in truth. But, for the burning to go on, be it never so gradual, fresh air is necessary. Fresh air means an unlimited supply of oxygen.

How do we get it? How the parlour fire gets it is a simple matter enough. In through the window, or under the bottom of the door, under the bottom bar, up through the coals, and there you are! We have a more complicated apparatus. That the fresh air may get into our tissues, it must first get into our blood. It gets into our blood through our lungs. We draw a breath, at that moment the blood in our lungs seizes on the incoming air, and hurries off with it triumphantly to the waiting tissues. The waiting tissues are the whole body. And that they are waiting is shown by the fact that we do draw a breath; for, generally speaking, we only breathe when our bodies are in need of the air we take in. To an average healthy person, sitting quietly in a chair, this happens from sixteen to twenty times a minute. Every time he breathes, a new supply of fresh air is rapidly carried down the ever-branching arteries to the minutest and most remote capillary twig in his body—from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. Each drop of blood has its life-giving load to carry, but when it reaches its destination, its labours are not ended. It arrives laden. It may not go back empty. But the return load is different. It brings back ashes.

Now, a great part of the body's ashes is carbonic acid gas, just as the load for the outward journey was oxygen gas. And, just as the oxygen gas was taken in by the lungs, so the carbonic acid gas is taken to the lungs to be shot forth as rubbish. This is what happens when we breathe out, or expire, before taking in the next breath.

All this in a healthy person goes on sweetly, and with the most beautiful regularity; but many people are not quite healthy. And of those who are not quite healthy, by far the larger number have nothing very serious the matter with them. They are not steamers whose propellers are broken; their engines are a little rusty, that is all. Their circulation is sluggish, they suffer from cold feet, their digestion is easily upset, they are nervous and languid, they are a host of other things, but all their organs are intact. Not one single piece of their machinery has had a bit chipped out. Their sluggish circulation is the key to the whole situation: not only is oxygen carried to their tissues in insufficient quantities, but—and this is of equal importance—their ashes are not properly and efficiently dealt with. The ashes are not promptly and completely carried away. They linger in the byways and alleys of the body. It is this accumulation of used-up and poisonous products that is the cause of about three-quarters of the chronic complaints with which doctors have to deal. Gout, rheumatism, congestion of the liver and other organs, indigestion, and many other distressing complaints, are really, in a very large proportion of cases, the result of a faulty circulation.

What is the remedy? Exercise. Drugs may bring temporary relief, but exercise will effect a cure. Exercise means more fresh air breathed in, a quicker circulation, and, therefore, more fresh air carried to the tissues; and, most important of all, it means good riddance of the useless ashes. Judicious exercise sweeps the whole body clean.

There are two kinds of exercise, namely, active and passive. Active exercise is common to ordinary out-door sports and pastimes; passive exercise is practised on those too weak to make an effort

for themselves. Movement is a feature common to both, but whereas in active exercise the movement is in proportion to the effort made and the work done, in passive exercise the effort is practically *nil*, the work done by the patient is nothing.

Now, whether the exercise be active or passive, the element that sets the blood going is movement, not effort. The quickening of the circulation is, roughly speaking, in proportion to the amount of muscular movement, not in proportion to the work done.

Passive exercise is well illustrated by massage, or the Ling and Zander treatment. The patient makes no effort, his limbs are moved for him. Moving the muscles causes their blood-vessels to dilate, and a free flow of blood through them ensues. Used-up material is carried away, and the patient is very much benefited. The features of passive exercise are movement, increased circulation, absence of effort.

In active exercise, however, a different state of things obtains. In all our sports and pastimes, cycling excepted, the amount of movement obtained is in direct proportion to the work done. For this reason, that considerable effort must be made to ensure a considerable amount of movement, our ordinary sports are ill adapted for weakly people. What a weakly person wants is an amount of movement that shall send his blood circulating at the cost of a comparatively small effort.

An ideal exercise for a weakling must not be too violent, nor fatiguing, nor monotonous. On the other hand, it must not be too absorbing, for it is a curious physiological law that a strong concentration of the will is as exhausting as strong muscular effort.

Cycling fulfils these conditions.

Cycling is not too monotonous, and, while calling for attention on the part of the rider, it makes no exhausting demand upon his mental energies. But it is in the wonderful range of exercise that it offers to its devotees that cycling stands pre-eminent. Mount a rider on a pneumatic cycle on a level road, and the amount of force necessary to carry him fifty yards is infinitesimal compared to that expended in walking the same distance. But, although the effort expended is so small, his legs are subjected to a rapidity and extent of movement as great as in running. That little force is used is shown by his breathing. His wind is not affected.

We have said before that a man breathes when he wants air. He wants fresh air when the carbonic acid gas in his blood has reached a certain percentage. Now, in accordance with the law that every effort reduces some minute portion of the body to ashes, it follows that the greater the effort the more the carbonic acid gas. But, since the more the ashes the oftener a man wants to breathe, it is practically the same thing to say that effort may be measured by the rapidity and depth of the breathing.

A cyclist going at a moderate pace does not breathe rapidly. But, on the other hand, his legs are in rapid motion. Let us remember it is movement not effort that quickens circulation. The rider is not breathing rapidly, but the blood is circulating freely through his whole body. His lungs get an abundant supply; and, his

breathing being unembarrassed, the air he inspires is generously absorbed.

In other words, he manufactures little carbonic acid gas, but he takes in a large supply of oxygen. The blood in his arterial system becomes a vivid scarlet. Muscular movement draws the blood to the extremities, in the absence of strain the arteries relax, and the heart instead of having to pump against a stagnant circulation has only to 'follow on.'

This, then, is the condition of a rider cycling in moderation: he is developing his muscles by exercise—not the leg muscles only, but also those of his loins, back, abdomen, chest and arms—his heart is beating easily, his lungs are doing their work to perfection, and there is circulating in his blood more life-giving oxygen than his body well knows what to do with.

What a different physiological picture this is from that of a brain-worker in the midst of his sedentary toil! For him things are going very differently. His circulation is languid, the bellows of his lungs are not blowing properly, he is producing ashes faster than they are carried away. His demand for oxygen is in excess of the supply.

Now let us take an extreme case. Suppose that we have to do with a man so feeble that all he can manage is a little walking exercise; and suppose, moreover, that he has not learned to cycle. A tricycle is the thing for him. Mount him on a light pneumatic of low gear, and let him do a very little at a time on level roads. Let him never tire himself, and never get out of breath. Day by day he will improve. His circulation will improve, his digestion will improve, his appetite will improve, he will gain flesh and put on muscle. Then as he gains in strength he can go farther, and—here comes in the unique value of the cycle—he can gradually increase his pace till the exercise from being an almost passive one (movement without effort) may become an active exercise of the most exacting order.

The greater the pace, the more hilly the roads, in other words the greater the effort, the more nearly does cycling approach other forms of sport in its demands upon the system. And as such it is capable of calling for all the stamina of a typically healthy man. But with a low gear on level roads, cycling tempers itself to the invalid, and without fatiguing expenditure of effort allows a freedom of movement and a consequent oxygenation of the blood unknown in any other form of sport.

There is just one other point. Cycling tends to become more or less automatic after it has been practised for some time. It is a physiological law that any action performed automatically gives rise to comparatively little fatigue. The heart works automatically, it never rests, and it is never tired—till death. And so, of course in a minor degree, with cycling. This and this alone explains the otherwise marvellous feats of champion riders. Who ever heard of any one in any other single sport going on for seventy hours at a stretch. Yet this has been done on a cycle.

To sum up then. Cycling is a very special exercise. It differs from others in the following particulars:

(1) It is graduable. Under the easiest possible conditions it is almost altogether passive exercise;

and from this by increasing the speed, riding up hill, going against the wind, using a higher gear, it may become the most vigorous active exercise.

(2) In proportion as it is passive it flushes the tissues with bright oxygenated health-giving blood. Other exercises, in consequence of the effort necessary, are apt in weakly people, if pursued at all vigorously, to lead to an accumulation of effete material.

(3) In consequence of the little effort cycling calls for in proportion to the extensive movement it allows, there is a remarkable absence of subsequent fatigue. The result is a delightful exhilaration after riding.

The moral of all this is: Let all people living sedentary lives cycle daily whenever the weather will permit. If you have heart disease, or any other grave ailment, consult your doctor about it. If your malady is merely general wretchedness, biliousness, headache, weariness, debility, nervousness and the rest—then cycle, cycle, and go on cycling.

If you are too weak to learn to cycle—and learning often calls for considerable effort on account of the clumsy movements of the novice—begin on a tricycle. Begin quietly, do a little every day, increase the length of your spin as you feel able, never fatigue yourself, and in a few months you will feel like a different being, and bless the day when you resolved to follow the advice here given.

MY LORD DUKE.*

CHAPTER XIV.—JACK AND HIS MASTER.

It was necessary to bait the horses; it was equally essential for the pair themselves to have something to eat. So they rode under the olden arch of the oak-lined Falcon, and it was 'your Grace' at every step, with ironic iteration very hard for either of them to bear without a word to the other. They dismounted therefore with the less delay; and Olivia had turned her back upon the coffee-room window, and on a bald, elderly, well-dressed man, whose cool fixed stare made the girl extremely angry, when Jack at her side gave a shout of delight.

'So help me never! *it's the boss himself!*'

Olivia turned, and there was the objectionable old fellow in the window smiling and waving to her enchanted companion. And this was the man of whom she had heard so often! She did not stop to consider how he came to be here; the two men were already at explanations, but Olivia was not listening. She was thinking of the bearded, jovial, hearty squatter of her imagination; and she was glancing askance at the massive chin and forehead, and the white moustache cropped close over the bad mouth of the real man.

'Mr Dalrymple—my old boss—Miss Sellwood!' shouted Jack, introducing them with a wealth of pantomime. 'We're coming up to lunch with you, sir; that is, you're to lunch with me; it's my shout!'

And poor Olivia found herself swept off her feet, as it were, into the presence of a man whom all her instincts had pronounced odious at sight.

But the higher court of the girl's intellect reversed this judgment on the appeal of her trained perceptions. The elderly squatter was not, after all, a man to be summed up at a glance or in a word: his undoubted assurance was tempered and redeemed by so many graces of manner and address as to upset entirely the girl's preconceptions of his class. At table he treated her with a princely courtesy, imperceptibly including her in a conversation which poor Jack would have conducted very differently if left to himself. After the first few minutes, indeed, Olivia could see but two faults in the squatter; the first was the fierce light his charming manners reflected upon those of Jack; and the second was a mouth which made the girl regret the austere cut of his moustache whenever she looked at Mr Dalrymple.

'So you left before shearing, sir!' cried Jack, who was grossly eager for all station news. 'I wonder you did that. They must be in the thick of it now!'

'They were to begin on the fifth of this month. The shearing, Miss Sellwood, is the one divine, far-off event towards which the whole sheep-station moves,' added Mr Dalrymple, with a glibness worthy of Claude Lafont.

'And don't you forget the lamb-marking,' chimed in Jack. 'I hope it was a good lambing this year, sir?'

'Seventy-one per cent.,' replied Dalrymple. 'I'm afraid that's Greek to you, Miss Sellwood—and perhaps better so.'

'You see I'm as keen as ever on the old blocks!' cried Jack. It was a superfluous boast.

'So I do see; and I must say, Jack, you surprise me. Do you notice how he "sirs" me, Miss Sellwood? I was on my way to pay my homage to the Duke of St Osmund's, not to receive it from Happy Jack of Carara!'

'Do you often come over to England, Mr Dalrymple?' asked Olivia quickly. For the girl had seen the spasm in Jack's face; and she knew how the anæsthetic of this happy encounter had exhaled with the squatter's last speech.

'No, indeed!' was the reply. 'I haven't been home for more years than I care to count; and the chances are that I shouldn't be here now but for our friend the Duke. He unsettled me. You see, Miss Sellwood, how jealous are the hearts of men! I had no inheritance to come home to; but I had my native land, and here I am.'

'And you have friends in Devenholme?'

'I have one friend; I wish that I dared say two,' replied the squatter, looking from Jack to Olivia in his most engaging manner. 'No; to tell you frankly, I was on a little inquisitive pilgrimage to Maske Towers. I did not wait for an invitation, for I knew that I should bring my own welcome with me.'

'Of course, of course; come out to-morrow,' exclaimed Jack nervously. 'I'll send in for you, and you must stay as long as ever you can. If only I'd driven in, as I meant to, we'd have taken you back with us; yet on the whole to-morrow will be best; you must give us time to do you well, you know, Mr Dalrymple. It'll be a proud

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day for me! I little expected to live to entertain my own boss!

Indeed, his pride was genuine enough, and truly characteristic of the man; but at the back of it there was a great uneasiness which did not escape the clear, light eye of Dalrymple. Not that the squatter betrayed his prescience by word or sign; on the contrary, he drank Jack's health in the champagne provided by him, and included Olivia's name in a very graceful speech. But Jack drank nothing at all; and having reduced his roll to a heap of crumbs, he was now employed in converting the crumbs into a pile of pellets.

Olivia pitied his condition; that tremulous brown hand, with the great bush freckles still showing at the gnarled finger-roots, touched her inexpressibly as it lay fidgeting on the white table-cloth. She strained every nerve to keep the squatter engaged and unobservant; and she found herself fluctuating, in a rather irritating manner, between her first instinctive antipathy and her later liking for the man. He was extremely nice to her. He had also an obvious kindness for poor Jack. And she apprehended a personal magnetism, a unique individuality, quite powerful enough to account for Jack's devotion. She felt the influence herself. Yet there was a something—she could not say what.

The way in which her last vague prejudice was removed, however, made a deep impression upon Olivia. It also gave her a startling glimpse of her own feelings. And it was occasioned by a casual remark of Dalrymple's, in elucidation of his prompt expedition to the district, to the effect that the Duke of St Osmund's had once saved his life.

'Your life!' cried Olivia, while Jack ceased meddling with his bread.

'To be sure. Is it possible he has never told you the story?'

'Not a word of it! And only this morning, as we rode in, I asked him if he had never had any adventures!'

Her face was a flushed reproach.

'I'd forgotten that one,' said Jack sheepishly. 'I really had. It's so long ago; and it wasn't much when you come!'

'Not much!' echoed Dalrymple. 'I should be very sorry to find myself in such a tight place again! It's some thirteen years ago, Miss Sellwood. I was thinking of taking up some cattle country in the unfenced part of Queensland. I had gone up to have a look at the place, and the blacks attacked us while I was there. We were three strong in an iron store; the owner, a stray shearer, and myself. The shearer had his horse hung up outside; he could have got away quite easily in the beginning; but our horses were all turned out, and he wouldn't leave us. So we dragged his horse inside, and we set to work to defend the store.'

'I know that shearer!' cried Olivia proudly. 'Yet he hangs his head! Oh, go on, Mr Dalrymple, go on!'

'From daybreak to sundown,' continued the squatter, 'we defended ourselves with a Winchester, a double-barrelled shot-gun, and an old muzzle-loading rifle. The blacks came on by the score, but they couldn't get in, and they couldn't set fire to the corrugated iron. It was riddled

like a sieve, and each of us three had a hole in him too; but there was a wall of dead blacks up against the iron outside, and they were as good as sand-bags. We should have beaten the fellows off before midnight if our powder had held out. It didn't; so I assure you we shook hands, and were going to blow up the place with a twenty gallon tin of petroleum, that was luckily inside, when our friend the shearer came out with an idea. His horse had a ball in its body, and was screaming like a woman; so that it was no use. I recollect we put it out of its pain with our last charge. But there was long dry grass all round up to within some fifteen yards of the store; and after dark the shearer ran out three times with a bucket of petroleum, and once with a box of matches. The last time but one the blacks saw him. They had surrounded the place at a pretty respectful radius, and they were having what we call a spell; but they saw him the last time but one. And when he went out again and struck his matches they had something to aim at. Well, his first match went out, and there was a sheaf of spears sticking in the sand and three new holes through the house. We waited; not another thing could we see. We didn't know whether he was dead or alive, and we heard the blacks starting to rush us. But we also heard the scratch of a second match; in another instant the thing flared up like a circular lamp—and us in the middle of the burner! The country was burnt black for miles and miles all round, and we ourselves had a hot time of it, Miss Sellwood; but here are two of us, at all events, to tell the tale.'

Olivia bowed to him; she could not speak. Then for a little she turned her wet eyes, wet with enthusiasm, upon the awkward hero of the tale. And without more words the party broke up.

Jack was still remonstrating with Dalrymple when the girl rejoined them outside.

'Come, now!' she said. 'Was it true, or wasn't it?'

'More or less,' admitted Jack.

'Was it true about the horse and the petroleum and the spears?'

He confessed that it was, but discredited his memory as a clumsy qualification. Olivia turned away from him, and said no more until she was in her saddle; then, while Jack was mounting, she rode up to the squatter.

'I am truly grateful to you, Mr Dalrymple,' she said; 'and all the others will be as grateful as I am, and will look forward to your visit. But for you, we might all have gone on being entertained by a hero unawares. You must tell us more. Meanwhile, I for one can thank you most heartily!'

And she leant over and frankly pressed his hand; but said very little all the long ride home. Jack assured her, however, that he had never thought of his wound for years, although he must have a bullet in him somewhere to that day; and he told her that the fight with the blacks had been the beginning of his connection with his old boss, whose service he had never left until the end. And for miles he spoke of no one else; he was so grateful to Olivia for liking his friend; and he had so many stories of Dalrymple to set as well as he could against that one of himself. So

the ride drew to an end in the golden afternoon, with never a tender word between the pair, though his heart was as full as hers; but she could not speak; and the great seal lay yet upon his lips.

(To be continued.)

BELGIUM FOR THE BRITISHER.

By M. CORBET-SEYMOUR, Bruges.

IN AND AROUND BRUGES.

GLOBE-TROTTING has become the most popular pastime of the rich. Men think no more of crossing the Atlantic nowadays than they used to think of crossing the Channel; a trip to Cairo seems to them less formidable than the journey from London to Brighton seemed to their ancestors.

But there are others less fortunate in the matter of finance; men whose income seems small as compared with the size of their family, and who find a holiday month spent in the Highlands or at some favourite watering-place too costly to be contemplated.

To such Britons I would say, *Try Belgium.*

The primary advantage is that you are soon there; you may consider home just 'over the way.'

For the Easter excursionist there are special tickets at a considerable reduction, which permit the landing at Ostend, a visit to Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, and back to England by way of Harwich. Or he may continue his journey from Brussels to Namur and Liège, and see some of the beauty of the Ardennes.

But I am not writing this article so much for the excursionists as for paterfamilias, who wishes to give his wife and his growing-up boys and girls the maximum of pleasure at the minimum of expense.

There are three routes now from which intending visitors to Belgium may make their choice. A boat from St Katherine's wharf sails twice a week direct to Ostend; but this is really intended for the transport of luggage, although some well-seasoned travellers who do not dread *mal de mer* avail themselves of the accommodation provided. It is usually a matter of twelve hours from London to Ostend; fair or foul weather making a slight difference. The price of a first-class through ticket is ten shillings; return, and available for two months, fifteen shillings. Bicycle, two-and-sixpence.

Then there is the line from Dover to Ostend by one of the splendid Belgian steamers, which accomplishes the distance in about three hours; price of a first-class ticket, ten francs fifty-five centimes, or eight-and-six; return, available for fifteen days, seventeen francs fifty centimes. The third route is from Tilbury to Ostend, and was only started in the summer of 1896. A first-class return ticket, and available for two months, is issued at the low price of eighteen francs.

I will now suppose our British holiday-maker to have landed with his family in Belgium.

Ostend possesses no very great charm for quiet people. It is a desert for nine months in the year, and crowded during the remaining three months by pleasure-seekers of all nations—and not invariably respectable. It is the paradise of

ladies who change their toilette four and five times a day; of card-players; and frequenters of the casino.

Paterfamilias will do well to get his luggage through the Customs as speedily as possible and step into the train, which always awaits the arrival of a mail steamer, and will set him down in twenty minutes at the station of the old historic town of Bruges.

'A dull old hole,' I have heard it called, by those who have given it but a passing glance. But I would suggest that a city which is the capital of West Flanders, and boasts a population of between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants, cannot legitimately be called a *hole*. And then as to dullness—well, it is mainly a matter of temperament, but no one need sit down and be dull in Bruges unless he requires something very exciting for the filling of his days. A newly-arrived party of Britons will probably go to a hotel for the first night, and then look about for the accommodation to which they incline.

These hotels are numerous, well-ordered, moderate in their charges. Reductions are invariably made for a lengthened stay, but the price per individual and per diem is eight francs at the most expensive; six, five, and four francs at those of a secondary order. For this sum the visitor will have a breakfast of coffee and the excellent rolls for which Bruges is noted. Dinner (and a substantial dinner, enough to satisfy the hungriest hobbledelohy) at one or half-past. Tea or coffee in the afternoon. Supper at seven, which is to all intents and purposes dinner over again *minus* the soup. Beer is included in the charge; wine is the only extra.

But the travellers whom I have specially in my mind's eye will not stay longer than a night and day at a hotel.

Some will want apartments, others will prefer boarding in a *pension*, others again will try and make 'home away from home' by renting a furnished house. Either of these desires can be gratified at a cheap rate.

Several of the principal shops in the Rue des Pierres and the Rue Flamande—the best streets in the town I should say—let the upper part of their commodious houses either to summer visitors or to those who contemplate a more lengthened stay. The price is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five francs a month (£4 or £5), according to the number of rooms. A private door takes you up a rather steep staircase—for, let me confess that Bruges is not quite up-to-date in the matter of staircases—to the first floor, where you will find drawing-room, dining-room, and generally two bedrooms, constituting the *appartement*. If you want more bedrooms, they are usually available, but on the second floor. It answers to the London flat. If you have not a servant with you, it is possible to hire one who has been accustomed to serve English people, and has some knowledge of their ways and customs, as well as of their language.

And here, by the way, let me assure the untravelling Briton that he will experience very little difficulty in making himself understood in his native tongue. The better classes speak French, but they have almost invariably studied English. In nearly every shop there is some one who will understand your orders and respond in

a manner which you will at least comprehend. And many of the poor who have never grasped any other French expression than *merci* and *bon jour* can say a few English sentences; besides their Flemish—almost precisely the same as Dutch—being tolerably easy to make out.

But now as to the *pensions de famille*, of which there are several. The price for a single guest is five francs per day; everything except wine or beer included. A reduction is made for a family, and also for a prolonged stay. The meals are regular and well served, and you are made thoroughly comfortable. Your bedrooms will be well furnished, and there is a capital dining-room and drawing-room for general use.

The visitors who prefer a furnished house may be suited for the price of £6 or £8 per month. I will not say that the fitting-up will be new or luxurious; but everything is clean, and nothing essential is left out.

Of course in Bruges as elsewhere there exist people who will endeavour to fleece the unsophisticated tourist; but I am giving the fair and regulation prices for board, lodging, and accommodation.

And now, what is there to see? What is there to do?

The town itself is full of interest, for at every turn you come upon some old monument of the past. Quaint pigeon-roofed houses dating from the 15th and 16th centuries border the canals which intersect the city and are spanned by the wooden bridges which give the name to Bruges (*Brugge*, Flemish for 'bridges.') Of the seven parish churches, at least five are splendid specimens of the architecture of old times, and they are enriched by many of the masterpieces of Flemish painters.

The hospital of St John contains the pictures of Memling; the Palais de Justice boasts the celebrated chimney-piece in oak carving, the work of a prisoner of the 16th century while awaiting his sentence, and judged so marvellous an achievement that it gained him his liberty. The tomb of Mary of Burgundy is to be seen in the beautiful old church of Notre Dame. From the tower of the belfry the eye travels over miles of open country as far as Ghent. And then the carillon! that chime made famous by Longfellow and which nothing in Europe can surpass. Space fails me in which to tell of all the visitor will find to see in this old Flemish city; of all that will strike him as a pleasing change from his home-surroundings.

And now what is there to do? For the resident English people—residents for a year or two, and therefore a component part of a numerous colony—there is as much friendly visiting as he may wish for, capital skating in winter, lawn-tennis and golf in summer. Excursions to the fast-growing watering-places of Blankenberghe and Heyst, or across the Dutch frontier to quiet Sluys and back again by way of Knocke, the village on the sandy dunes which certain optimists believe will grow into a fashionable resort. For the passing visitor who possesses a bicycle, or hires one in the town, there are good level roads which will take him in all directions through quaint villages, and past the red-roofed cottages from which the children in wooden sabots run out to gaze with

admiring yet critical eye at his skill with the wheel.

The artist or the photographer will find no lack of charming 'bits' to reproduce; notably the lake called the *Minnewater*, the Béguinage, the ancient gates of the town which still exist, the Bourg, and the Quai du Rosaire.

The Wednesday and Saturday markets afford an amusing study of Flemish manners and customs, and wonderfully cheap *bric-à-brac* may be picked up at some of the stalls—if you understand the art of bargaining.

Bruges possesses a pretty little park wherein a military band (and there are three stationary regiments) plays at noon every Sunday during the spring and summer of the year; there are also twelve concerts on Thursday evenings beginning in the month of June. On the Grand Place there is music on Saturday nights, usually by the band of the 3d Regiment of Lancers.

Add to all this the frequent *fête* days on which the townspeople are all *astir*, and the villagers flock in from day-dawn, and I think my assertion is proved that the visitor to Bruges need not be dull unless he chooses.

But as no rose is without a thorn, I will admit that all is not charm which our eyes rest on, or our ears take in. The beggars are a distinct nuisance to the Englishman, from the old women in shabby hooded cloaks who curtsy and mumble, and point to their mouths by way of pleading for food, to the insolent *gamins* who beg for 'a cents' or cry mockingly, 'Oh yes, oh yes,' if you fail in generosity.

Another drawback arises from the low price of gin, and the great taste of the Flemish for that particular refreshment. A gorgeous religious procession in the morning is certain to be followed by a somewhat uproarious evening; groups of men, women, lads, and girls returning to their homes decidedly the worse for the 'druppels' which have been served to them at the almost innumerable *estaminets* and *cafés* and the small shops where drink is sold—in combination with potatoes, sewing-cotton, groceries, and other articles in constant use.

For the information of families who incline to try the educational advantages of Bruges for their children, I must mention an excellent English college for boys where the terms are reasonable and inclusive; a good Anglo-German school for girls; lessons in singing, music, painting, at a fee which will make the heart of the over-burdened father rejoice within him.

There is an English church, an English bank, and an English circulating library. A few words must be said as to daily expenses. Money certainly goes farther in Bruges than in some places; a franc, as a rule, does the work of a shilling.

Wages are low; labour is cheap. The rent of unfurnished houses is wonderfully little, especially of large ones which are not in such constant demand as the smaller dwellings. Groceries are dearer than in the United Kingdom, but not so dear as it was a few years ago. Bread, even where there is a general outcry at the late rise—is twenty-eight centimes the kilo, which means less than threepence for a two-pound loaf.

The price of vegetables is nominal; for half a franc you will get both a large and a varied stock.

So, however warmly we may agree with the sentiment of the old song, 'There's no place like home,' I think many British men and women will find a stay in Bruges to be very economical, and very pleasant.

A ROGUE'S ERRAND.

II.

THAT evening he and Mr Jevons played cards as usual, at first as partners at a rubber of whist, finishing up with euchre after their opponents had retired for the night. It was the mail officer's practice to indulge in a couple of forums of grog by way of 'nightcap,' and it had seemed to Dare a custom worthy of imitation. To-night, when they were in the middle of their second glass, said Dare: 'By the way, as I was rummaging over my portmanteau this afternoon I came across a flask of liqueur given me by a friend before I left London, and the existence of which I had clean forgotten till I saw it again. It was recommended to me as something very choice and rare, so much so, indeed, that the supply of it, which is limited, is nearly all bought up by wealthy connoisseurs, which accounts for its hardly ever finding its way into the market. I don't think that a nip of it, by way of wind-up, would do either you or me any harm.—What say you?'

After a little protest on Mr Jevons's part, which was easily overruled, Dare went to his cabin, and two minutes later came back with a small wicker-covered flask. A steward having brought a couple of liqueur glasses, he proceeded to fill them out of the flask, and then passed one across the table to his friend. So pleasant and peculiar did Mr Jevons find the flavour of Dare's *Eau de Plaisir*, as the flask was labelled, that he was persuaded into taking a second 'thimbleful.' Then the two shook hands, bade each other good-night, and made their way to their respective berths.

Mr Jevons had taken off his coat, and was in the act of winding up his watch, when a sudden giddiness came over him, causing him to lurch forward and nearly fall on his face. This was succeeded by a dull buzzing in his ears and by the dancing of a multitude of black motes before his eyes. Never had he felt in the least like it before. He seated himself on the edge of his bunk in the hope that the feeling would pass off in the course of a minute or two. But presently he became conscious that an unconquerable drowsiness was stealing over his faculties; his eyelids felt as though weighted with lead; he tried to stand up, but his limbs refused to do their office; the buzzing in his ears became louder till it seemed like the rushing of a great river; he was just able to reach forward and extinguish the cabin light, and then he sank back on his bed and knew nothing more.

At eleven o'clock all the saloon lights were

put out save one, which was turned half-way down and kept burning through the night. At midnight it was the rule that the lights in the cabins and state-rooms should be extinguished, after which hour the passenger portion of the big ship was given over to solitude, the only visible creature being the night steward, who kept watch and ward during the dark hours.

It was about half-an-hour after midnight when the door of Eustace Dare's cabin (which, as there happened to be a paucity of passengers, he was fortunate enough to have to himself) was cautiously opened to the extent of an inch or two, and then presently wide enough to allow of his head being protruded through the opening. Having satisfied himself that the steward was engaged elsewhere, he slipped out, shut the door softly behind him, and made his way with stealthy footsteps to the cabin of Mr Jevons, which was not more than a dozen yards from his own. A moment he stood listening with his ear close to the panel, then he turned the handle, stepped boldly in and closed the door.

In the cabin it was pitch dark, only the port-hole was faintly defined as a disc of blackness a shade less intense than that which framed it. Dare could now distinguish the low regular breathing of the sleeping man. 'So the *Eau de Plaisir* has not failed to do its work,' he whispered approvingly to himself. (His first act on reaching his cabin after parting from the mail officer had been to administer to himself a powerful emetic.) From the dark lantern he had brought with him he now flung a cautious ray around. In his berth lay Mr Jevons, only partially undressed, just as he had sunk back when overcome by the narcotic; had the vessel blown up just then it would scarcely have aroused him. Dare now began to ransack the officer's clothes in his search for the key of the mail-room, but it was not till, last of all, he thrust his hand under the pillow that he found it. The blood seemed to tingle to his finger-ends as he grasped it.

His next proceeding was to disguise himself by means of a false beard, which, both in colour and shape, bore a close resemblance to the one worn by Mr Jevons. He had brought with him from London a collection of a dozen or more artificial beards and moustaches, so that, with the aid of a pair of scissors, he had easily trimmed one of them to meet the requirements of the case, while his own dark brown moustache, when joined to the beard, made the resemblance still more striking and complete. Next, after having slipped off his lounging jacket, he inducted himself into Mr Jevons's dark blue coat with its gold stripes, and finished by putting on the peaked cap which that official wore as a part of his uniform. Then, with a handkerchief pressed close to his face, he stepped out of the cabin and pulled to the door after him.

Half a minute later he had unlocked the mail-room door and passed in. He had brought his lantern with him, and the instant he had opened the slide his eyes sought the pigeon-hole in which, a few hours earlier, he had seen the packet which, he felt all but sure,

contained his uncle's will. There it was still. Two strides forward and it was in his grasp. One glance at the seal was enough. His heart gave a great bound, and for a moment or two the floor seemed to heave and subside under his feet. Thrusting the packet inside the breast of his coat, he shut the slide of his lantern, and opening the door, passed out and locked it behind him. On his way back he was fortunate enough not to be accosted by any one.

Next morning Mr Jevons was too unwell to rise, nor did he quit his berth till late in the afternoon. He could scarcely doubt that it was Dare's liqueur which had affected him so strangely, and yet Dare himself had partaken of the stuff as freely as he had. That it had contained a powerful narcotic was next to a certainty; but why it should be worth anybody's while to administer a narcotic to him, Herbert Jevons, was a mystery. His first thought on waking had been to feel for the key of the mail-room, which he found exactly where he had left it; there, too, were his coat and vest just as he had hung them up a minute prior to his strange attack. Nothing, to all appearance, had been touched.

On quitting his cabin he made it his first business to find Dare.

'I say, young man,' he began, 'that must have been queer stuff you gave me last night. It made me feel half silly and sent me into a sleep from which I didn't wake till Simmons came and shook me, and told me it was past ten o'clock; and not only that, but I've had a beastly headache all day, and don't feel good for much even now.'

Dare opened his eyes and gave expression to his astonishment in terms which might easily have deceived a much more suspicious man than Mr Jevons.

'It had no such effect on me,' he said; 'in fact it suited me so well that I'm going to have a nip of it now by way of pick-me-up before dinner.' They were close by his cabin as he spoke. He at once opened the door and went in, and, while Mr Jevons looked on, he filled a glass from the flask of *Eau de Plaisir*, and sipped it with much apparent gusto. It was from a different flask, however, than the one he had produced the night before.

The mail officer knew not what to think.

Eustace Dare was back in London within three weeks of the day he had left it. His first and most pressing necessity was to ascertain the state of his uncle's health, and whether he was still occupying his rooms in Devonshire Street. As it would not have done to write to Mary Everson, lest the letter should be seen by his uncle, who was acquainted with his writing, as soon as the lamps were lighted he took up a station near the house, and waited with such patience as he had at command till some one whom he could question should appear. Fortunately he had not waited long before a youth in buttons came up the area steps, whom he at once hastened to accost.

'Mr Armishaw, sir, died a week since, and was buried yesterday,' said the youth in reply to his question.

The news, although not wholly unexpected

—indeed, of all possible news it was that which he had been most anxious to hear—came upon him with something of a shock. After a moment or two of silence, he said to the page: 'And Mr Armishaw's niece, Miss Everson, what has become of her?'

'Miss Everson is still here, sir. Her mother has come up from the country to stay with her.'

This was enough for Dare. Three minutes later he was shown into the drawing-room, where Mary and her mother, both, of course, in deep mourning, were seated. Mary rose to her feet as he entered. Dare, looking sympathetically grave, advanced and held out his hand, only to perceive next moment that his doing so was deliberately ignored.

'I did not reach town till a couple of hours ago on my return from New York,' he began; 'consequently I have only just heard of my poor dear uncle's death.'

When he had got thus far he became aware that the set, statuesque face, lighted by two coldly contemptuous eyes which were now gazing steadfastly into his, appertained to an altogether different Mary Everson from the one he had heretofore known. That such a transformation boded him no good he needed no one to tell him. It seemed to him as though his heart were gripped by a hand of ice.

'Immediately after your uncle's death I cabled to his lawyers in New York,' said Mary, speaking in such chilling accents as Dare had never heard from her lips before. 'It was at his own wish, expressed to me only a few hours before he died, that I did so. One of Messrs Spurling's clerks is now on his way to England. If you will leave your address, Mr Dare, I will take care that his arrival is at once notified to you. And now I must ask you to read this letter, which reached your uncle about three weeks ago. He himself gave it to me to read, and at the same time he told me his reasons for discarding you, which I had never known before.—This lady is my mother, and if, when you have read the letter, you should have any questions to ask, she will endeavour to answer them.' She bowed slightly, and turning, walked slowly out of the room. It was a distinct relief to Dare when those two unwavering eyes, fired with a scorn too intense for words, no longer dominated him.

The letter Mary had given him to read was the one written by his wife to Mr Armishaw.

Two days later Dare received a summons to meet Mr Winch of New York at Devonshire Street. He went with a heart that beat high with exultation. All the lawyer would have to do would be to inform him that, in the absence of any will, he, Eustace Dare, was Mr Armishaw's heir-at-law. Of course inquiries which would necessitate a certain amount of delay in the final settlement of affairs would have to be instituted with regard to the missing will, about which Mary would doubtless have spoken to Mr Winch. But not all the inquiries in the world could restore it to existence. It lay fathoms deep among the Atlantic ooze.

Eustace Dare went to the meeting like a man treading on air; he came back from it half an hour later looking like a criminal who had

just been condemned to undergo a life-long sentence. After all, it turned out that Mr Armishaw had made an antecedent will, and that almost immediately after his quarrel with his nephew and when his feelings were very embittered against him. By that document he had cut Eustace off with a hundred pounds a year; whereas by a clause of the second will—the one which had been destroyed—he had increased the allowance to five hundred a year. Roguery, as it so often does, had overleaped itself. Verily Eustace Dare had his reward.

We are not concerned with the way Mr Armishaw had devised his property, but it may be taken for granted that Mary Everson's name figured prominently in his will.

SOME INDIANS OF THE CHACO.

ALL students of geography are aware that there is in the interior of the South American continent a large tract of territory, extensive as many a European state, known by the name of the Gran Chaco. It may be said to extend into four republics, those of Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, and Paraguay, and has really no very defined limits, 'the Chaco' in those regions being used to mean the wildernesses which are still in the hands of the aborigines.

Any one taking up a good atlas will find marked on this part of South America the names of various Indian nations, each of which disputes with the others possession of the densely forested districts which lie to the westward of Paraguay. It is of some two or three of these races, the Chiriguanos, the Matacos, and the Tobas, that we will attempt to give a description.

Being occupied on a sugar estate in the extreme north of the Argentine, and within a few days' journey of the borders of the Chaco, the writer has had exceptional opportunities of observing these native tribes, who are of vital importance to industry in these distant provinces. They do by far the largest part of the manual labour in the cane-fields, doing, in the hot, damp atmosphere of the plantation under a tropical sun, work which few white men could long endure. It is indeed to the sugar planter to whom they invariably come, and it is found impossible to keep them long in a place where there is no cane to satisfy their keen appetites.

In our description of these curious people we will commence by taking the most enlightened type—the Chiriguano—a jovial but thrifty and keen-witted fellow from the south-eastern parts of Bolivia.

There are, of course, to paraphrase Molière, Chiriguanos and Chiriguanos—the 'criollos' and 'forasteros'—the semi-civilised men from the Jesuit missionary centres, and the wild free type of the old pagan stock from the remoter districts of the Chiriguano countries. Nevertheless, the same characteristics are observable in all, the same cast of features and the same customs, more or less modified in each tribe. The true type of the pure

Chiriguano is a medium-sized Indian of the same mould of face as that of the North American Red Man; high cheek-bones, keen dark eyes, and long black hair coiled round his head. The lower lip is made to protrude by the presence of a heavy leaden button called a 'tembella,' removable at will, and quite available for sale should the owner be in a sufficiently hungry (or thirsty) condition. It would seem that these 'tembellas' are a characteristic of the heathen tribes, for it is rarely, if ever, found among Indians coming from the mission stations, or when found, then as a scarcely noticeable ornament. We have seen men with 'tembellas' which must have weighed several ounces, all elderly men of importance and standing among their tribe.

Many of the Chiriguanos from the missionary districts of Bolivia are a very mixed race of men, crosses more or less remote between the Indian and the white. An expert in ethnology would find much to interest him in these people, for their appearance is strikingly Mongol in type. Why it should be so we cannot pretend to explain, but Europeans have again and again remarked on the extraordinary resemblance.

Chiriguanos come and go all the year round, performing journeys of hundreds of miles from the interior of Bolivia to the Argentine on foot. They arrive in bands of various numbers, some being as numerous as two hundred men, and others a mere handful. They contract to work for three, four, or six months, and their pay they invest in clothes and mares.

Drink is perhaps a greater curse to these people than to either Mataco or Toba. At the end of each week the head of each band must have his allowance of rum for his men, though most planters take care that this is not excessive. The rum having been served out in bottles, the Indians will form into circles and commence a wild monotonous chant, lasting for hours together, the bottles meantime being passed round. Should, however, any one have managed to supplement his allowance with drink bought with his own savings, knives will frequently be drawn and a duel ensue. Two men with ponchos wrapped as shields round their left arm and claymore-like knives in their right hands, will fly at each other, and as they are expert knifemen, the looker-on will see fine fencing until either blood is shed or some one intervenes.

When sober, however, the Chiriguano is a fine labourer, capable of great endurance, light-hearted and willing. If they like their employer, they will come down year after year; his name spreads, and he has no difficulty in getting men. Should he, however, be short-tempered or not open in his dealings with the men, they soon distrust him, and henceforth he will be fortunate indeed to get any but the very riff-raff to go to him.

Chateaubriand in one of his writings makes mention of the abominable evil and corruptness which formerly prevailed among the Jesuit missions in these countries. That their influence was and still is not entirely desirable can hardly be doubted; and the big chiefs all do their utmost to oppose it. Nevertheless, the once warlike and great Chiriguano race is slowly on the wane;

the demoralising results of what is presented to them as Christianity on the one hand, their wholesale intermixture with the whites, and the constant drain of all their best men in continual wars with the barbarous Tobas who press on them from the east, all point to serious modification of the race. Again there is little doubt that in certain parts of Bolivia slavery still lingers; tales of the enticement of Indians to the india-rubber factories on the islands of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, and of their disappearance from the world from that time forward are by no means groundless. This people will shortly afford another instance of the ill resulting to the aborigines from contact with the whites.

The other two Indian races, the Toba and Mataco, are very similar in most respects, the former being however a greatly exaggerated type of the latter. Like the Chiriguanoes they have languages of their own: the Tobas a dialect of the Guarani, the Matacos a special idiom.

The Matacos come from the western borders of the Chaco, and occupy most of the country immediately around Rivadavia; the Tobas, fiercest of all the Chaco tribes, from all the back region, ranging more or less from Bolivia to Paraguay. As soon as the cane crop starts in the Argentine, the gorges of the hills to the east pour forth tribes of hundreds of these men, all savages armed with bows, arrows, and clubs, some even feathered and naked as in the days of Columbus. The Matacos tattoo, dyeing their faces with bluish stains; the Tobas, as an additional fascination, pierce the lobes of their ears, bringing them down nearly to their shoulders, the holes often admitting of the passage of three fingers. On the plantations they form towns of grass huts, dirty but strong. Intertribal warfare saps the strength of these nations, the blood feuds being carried on relentlessly for generations. They never forgive and never forget, and their declaration of war means a war of extermination. The barbarities they inflict on the corpses of their foes is horrible.

There is indeed much to admire in the Toba of the true Indian stock, physically and morally far superior to the squalid masses who, pauperised and resourceless, throng the slums of our great cities and form a commentary on civilisation.

At present the Toba and Mataco hold the banks of the great river Vermejo, the natural highway for the produce of the northern Argentine provinces to the big towns on the Plate. But with the opening up of the country these tribes will have to retire farther inland, and battle for elbow-room with races behind still more barbarous than themselves.

All these Indian people, when in the Argentine settlements, are so well held in hand by the whites that there is seldom difficulty in managing them. White men in whom they have learned to confide can travel into the recesses of the Chaco year after year, and will receive a welcome. But these are the few, for in their own countries their hatred for the whites is as vigorous and deadly as for any Indian tribe, and the blood feud more in arrears. Continual though desultory warfare is carried on with the Argentine soldiery scattered along the borders of the Chaco, who shoot them like dogs, and whom in return they massacre whenever they find themselves in sufficient force to do so.

So much then for these intensely interesting peoples, acquaintance with whom is well worth making ere they are driven away farther north into the utmost recesses of the continent.

MISS ALMIRA MUGGINS.

By B. SIDNEY WOOLF.

THE smoking-room of the Exquisite Club. Four easy-chairs occupied by as many men, and 'the cup that cheers' on the wicker table.

It was five o'clock on a winter afternoon, and the ceaseless roar of London rose but faintly to the thickly-curtained room. Outside, people were going about with azure-tipped noses, but inside there was a drowsy warmth and a fragrance of good tobacco. Three of us—Carter, Summers, and myself—had been grumbling at the slings and arrows of this world in general, and our hard-up condition in particular. There is a certain fascination in being bitter, cynical, and all the rest of it when you are particularly comfortable; it is like piquant sauce to a cloying dish.

The fourth man had not spoken for some time; he was a general favourite, Captain Reginald Ruthven—to give him his full title—familiarily known as 'Ruth.' Popular all round was Ruth: in the mess-room of —th, on parade, at the club, in a country-house drawing-room, or at a dance, and so languid and nonchalant with it all. While we aired our little grievances he lay back in his chair, thoughtfully puffing his cigar, his eyes half closed, while a slight smile played round his mouth.

'It's all very well you fellows grumbling about being hard up,' he said at last, knocking the ash off his cigar, 'but you may never have lost the chance I did. I might have been a regular what-d'ye-call-him—Cresus I mean—and got into parliament and been made a baronet, instead of plain Rex Ruthven—captain—and church-mouse, if'—

And he paused significantly.

'Tell us the "if,"' Ruth,' we cried, for his yarns were famous amongst us.

'Well, it happened this way,' he began. 'When I was a youngster of nineteen or so, I lived for a twelvemonth at a crammer's in Mudford, a dull old town in the Midlands. There were about a dozen other fellows there, and between us we managed to have a pretty lively time of it. Our escapades were notorious in the neighbourhood; but, as they were quite harmless ones, the older folks winked at them, the girls smiled on us, and the small boys magnified us into heroes. I verily believe that Mudford was glad of any pebble that was dropped into its stagnant pool of conversation. Even our crammer, old Wellington Jones, let us off with a mild word of reproof, for he was a harmless sort of creature, and trembled before

the mighty Mrs Wellington. But the queerest adventure I ever had, and one about which my companions of that time chaff me even now, happened about a few months before I left old Waterloo's, as we disrespectfully dubbed our crammer. Now, one of the curiosities of Mudford was a rich old maid, Miss Almira Muggins by name, who lived in a magnificent but mouldy mansion just outside the town. She was distinctly eccentric in dress and manners, and particularly with regard to a wheezy old poodle, rejoicing in the name of Alonzo. She simply adored this fat beast, and had him dressed up in a pink satin coat and a gold collar. Rumours were current that he dined on oysters and champagne, and kept a banking account, but I believe these to be myths. Anyhow, he was a horrid little brute, with the most maddening habit of snapping at your heels; and one of his chief pleasures was to fly at small children and nearly frighten them into fits. It was not surprising under the circumstances that Alonzo was cordially hated.

'One afternoon I was walking home from a tennis-party, when suddenly shrill feminine shrieks, mingled with howls and barking of dogs, fell on my ear. I hurried on, and turning the corner beheld a cloud of whirling dust, a flash of pink satin, and Miss Almira Muggins, wringing her hands and screaming:

"Alonzo, my own darling—my sweet. Help, help! The nasty wretch of a dog! Help!"

'I grasped the situation, and feeling rather sorry for the distracted lady, around whom a crowd of gaping, grinning yokels was gathering, I made several violent lunges with my racquet at the two combatants, which took them so much by surprise that they let go. I promptly collared Alonzo, who, dishevelled and bleeding, his pink satin coat torn to shreds, made futile attempts to renew the fight with his assailant, a plucky little toy terrier. Miss Almira nearly fell round my neck, and I began to feel a bit of a fool. So I cut short all her thanks, and set off with her towards her house. I gave the dog to the prim-looking servant who opened the door. Then Miss Muggins turned and said:

"Young man, you have done Alonzo and me a great service, and we owe you life-long gratitude. I shall be pleased to know your name, and shall hope to see you sometimes. Now and then Alonzo and I are lonely. Will you take a dish of tea with me at four of the clock to-morrow?"

'The old dame with her old-world grace interested me, and I promised to come. I told the fellows about it when I got home, and they chaffed me the whole evening, and indeed it seemed funny enough to me when I came to think of it.

'Next day, a little before "four of the clock," I set out for Miss Almira's. Most of our fellows were lounging round the gate, smoking and looking out for the girls' schools that passed, and I was greeted with a perfect volley of small wit as I passed out. I didn't answer, but put on a love-sick and tragic air, enacted an imaginary love-passage between myself and

Miss Muggins, and took my departure amidst applause.

'The same prim-looking servant opened the door. The house had a mouldy smell, but the hall was very large and oak-panelled. She led me down many dusky corridors, and ushered me at last into a vast drawing-room, at the farther end of which I distinguished with difficulty the little figure of Miss Muggins. There was an air of faded splendour about the room, everything was so substantial, so out of date and yet so picturesque, that I seemed in a waking dream, which was not dispelled when the old lady rose and made me a curtsy with the grace of the last century. I bowed and sat down at her invitation. I came with the intention of staying half-an-hour, and when I at last said good-bye, I found it was close on seven o'clock. She was really a most interesting old dame, and except for her devotion to that disgusting Alonzo would have been charming. Her house was quite a museum, and she showed me some of her countless treasures. She had a story to tell about each of them, and her personal reminiscences were not less interesting. She had danced at the court of George III., and wept for the loss of Trafalgar's hero, and had rejoiced at the tidings of Waterloo; indeed she herself looked like a bit out of the last century, in her brocaded sacque and high-heeled shoes.

'I readily promised to come again, and, despite the other fellows' jokes, I soon found myself at Miss Almira's whenever I had a spare hour or two. It seemed as if the treasures of that house could never be exhausted, and together we undertook the task of rearranging them.

'You'll think she was a queer companion for a young man of twenty, but, as I told you, the Mudfordites were very slow, and I found little Miss Almira, with her inexhaustible conversation, her sharp little sayings, and cynical worldly wisdom, infinitely refreshing after the tennis playing, flirting, insipid Mudford maidens. Besides, I had always had a hankering after curios, and at Miss Almira's one lived in a world of them. So that soon the old lady and I became very good friends, and, after a while, I forgot to notice her eccentricities. I believe she regarded me like a son, and found that I supplied some want in her lonely life.

'About a fortnight before I left, I ran up to Miss Almira one afternoon, as I had promised to look through some old MSS. with her.

'When we had finished our task, the good old soul was silent for a moment. Then she cleared her throat and said:

"Reginald, I have something important to speak to you about."

"Yes, Miss Muggins," I replied, wondering what it could be.

"During the last weeks, Reginald," she said, "I have become as fond of you as I might have been of a son of my own, and I shall miss you sadly when you go. I have neither kith nor kin, and so, briefly, I have decided to leave my fortune, this house and its contents, to you. The only condition I make is, that you undertake to provide for my dear Alonzo, and make it your special duty to watch over

him and see that he leads the same life he has been accustomed to. My will shall be drawn up this evening. Don't thank me or you will annoy me."

"This speech literally took my breath away."

"But, Miss Muggins"—I stammered.

"Not a word," she said. "The tea is ready, I perceive."

"I did not know whether to regard this as eccentricity or sheer madness, but at last came to the conclusion that Miss Almira knew what she was about, and that some day I should come into the possession of a large fortune, and—Alonzo. He was a minor consideration, however, as I trusted an apoplectic fit would do for him very soon. Altogether it was a pleasant idea, and I felt very grateful to the old lady, although I could not quite grasp it. But there's many a slip, &c., as I found to my cost."

"It was hard luck, though," said Ruth, pausing to relight his cigar; "deuced hard luck."

"Well, a few nights after this little episode, I and half-a-dozen others went to a farewell dinner given by some friends living half a mile out of Mudford. We had a glorious time, champagne galore, and we decided to walk home as it was a fine moonlight night. We were in mad spirits, and as we reached the outskirts of the town we found a vent for them. Slowly crawling down the road was the one and only Mudford cab, a dejected, broken-down vehicle, driven by a sleepy man, and dragged by a spiritless and nondescript quadraped, called by courtesy a horse. It was crawling along at its usual rate of a mile a day, when suddenly my evil angel prompted me to suggest the deed that ensued."

"Here, you fellows," I said, "ten to one that old Waterloo and his lady are inside that cab; they were going out to-night. Let's drag 'em backwards and see if they notice the difference."

"No sooner said than done. No one thought of the consequences. The wilder the prank the more acceptable in our exhilarated state of mind. It was a quiet road, and we soon caught up the cab. Then seven of us held on to that old cab and pulled with might and main, while the eighth jumped on the box and gagged cabby. The unusual manner of locomotion pulled the old horse up suddenly, so that he stood on his hind-legs and then slid backwards."

"We had gone several yards in this manner, and nothing had occurred."

"Seem to be asleep inside," whispered some one.

"Shall we beat a retreat?" said another.

"Yes," was on my lips, when suddenly the cab gave a violent lurch, and we had the utmost difficulty to prevent it from overturning."

"Then a shriek of 'Help, help!' broke on the air."

"By Jove, Ruth, you'd better go round and explain," said one or two of my companions, who were beginning to sober down. "We'll get into a devil of a row over this."

"There was no escape, for I was the prime mover in it."

"So, hat in hand, I went round to the cab

door. A head was thrust out of the window, but was enveloped in shadow and a shawl, so I could not make out who it was."

"Allow me, madam, to assure you that there is nothing wrong," I began, when—Great Heavens! the light of the lamp fell on the features of—Miss Almira Muggins. She looked at me steadfastly for a second, while I felt—well, I don't know quite what I felt—demd unpleasant, to quote Mr Mantalini."

"Reginald!" she said, but words are powerless to describe the scorn concentrated in that innocent name."

"I could do or say nothing; but, mechanically lifting my hat, I rejoined my companions."

"Heavens, it's Miss Almira!" I gasped.

"They grasped the situation, and in a few minutes cabby was liberated, and the old horse whipped up to his accustomed pace. We kept discreetly in the background."

"But our victim had not proceeded two yards when again the shawl-enveloped head was thrust through the window."

"Vipers!" was all she said, but—it spoke volumes."

No one dared to laugh or even smile."

"Shouldn't advise you to retire into private life yet, old chap. Almira will cut up rough over this," said my special friend, as we watched the retreating cab."

"Yes," I answered, "I fancy I've lost my chance there. But hang it all, boys, I really don't mind much about the money, only I'm awfully sorry to have vexed the old lady. She's such a good old soul, and she'll never forgive this."

"So we went home, very much sobered down, and feeling decidedly 'chippy'; for we none of us particularly desired this little affair to come to old Waterloo's ears, as Miss Almira was thought a great deal of in Mudford, principally on account of her riches I must add."

"We'll have to apologise in a body to-morrow," said some one, "and try and mollify the old lady before she tells Waterloo. She may not take it so seriously after all."

"I had my doubts on the subject, for I knew Miss Almira well by that time, and I had discovered that she had a rooted aversion to young men on the whole, owing to their propensity for joking and nonsense in general. She once told me that I was the only young man she had tolerated since—but there she had broken off, and I naturally did not ask her to tell me more."

"At breakfast next morning a note came for me with the Muggins crest on the envelope. I and my companions of the previous evening exchanged significant glances."

"I tore it open and read:

"TO MR REGINALD RUTHVEN."

YOUNG MAN,—I have been grossly deceived, and yes, I will say it, sadly disappointed. I shall accept no apologies. Practical jokes I abhor, and can never pardon. Consider all communication between us at an end. Taking into account any former friendship I may have felt towards you, I shall refrain from informing your preceptor of last night's occurrence. I subscribe myself,—ALMIRA MUGGINS."

'When she died her money went to the Dogs' Home at Battersea.'

'Voilà tout,' said Ruth, as he re-lit his cigar.

THE MONTH :

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Is the popular enthusiasm which has greeted Dr Nansen since his return from 'farthest north,' we are apt to forget what is perhaps the most remarkable feature of his achievement. It is, therefore, as well that we should call to mind that five years ago, before our own Royal Geographical Society, he advanced certain reasons which induced him to believe in the existence of an ocean current which, tapped at the right point, would carry a voyager to, or near the North Pole. First, he pointed out that there is a great polar current running southward between Greenland and Spitzbergen, while on the other side—that is, on the Siberian side—there is a constant fresh-water current running northward, probably crossing the pole, and subsequently forming the southern current already adverted to. One proof of this was that Siberian larch and red spruce, as well as relics of the *Jeannette* expedition, were carried as driftwood to the shores of Greenland, and of it the Eskimos made their sledges and boats. Another was that mineral dust, and those microscopic organisms known as diatoms, peculiar to one side, were carried to the other in the form of mud. That Dr Nansen's surmise was correct is a matter of common knowledge, and now, five years after his first appearance before the Royal Geographical Society, he has been able to point out before the same body how nearly the actual route taken by the *Fram* corresponded with that which he had marked out for himself. The dust, the diatoms, and the driftwood gave him the hint; thus exemplifying once more the truth of the old saying about great events springing from little causes.

Another claimant to the honour of having solved the secret of colour-photography has arisen in the person of M. Cassagne, who has brought before the Society of Arts a method which certainly has the merit of novelty. Unfortunately there is a secret solution employed, so that we are quite in the dark at present as to the real nature of the discovery, if a discovery it be. We can only give an outline of the process, which is as follows: A negative is taken on a plate which has been treated with the above-named secret solution, and from that negative a positive is produced on a plate also doctored with the mystic fluid, or on sensitive paper if preferred. Neither negative nor positive exhibits any colour, but when the latter is immersed in three separate baths of dye—red, green, and blue—the colours are taken on to the picture and sort themselves so that each gets into its right place. The fact that this is the case is vouched for by the highest photographic authorities, but how the thing is achieved no one but the inventor knows. The chief difficulty seems to be in guessing how a positive image, which has never been near the object which it represents, but has simply been printed from a negative which may have been taken a thousand miles away, can exercise

selective colour absorption. As we understand the method is patented, the secret, whatever it may be, will soon be public property.

The motor-car excitement has now to a great extent calmed down, and so few horseless vehicles are to be seen in the streets, even in London itself, that the presence of one invariably draws a crowd around it. In the meantime several interesting trials of road vans for carrying different kinds of merchandise have been made, and some of these have given promising results. Messrs Thornycroft, the well-known engineers, lately started one of these vans from Chiswick to Cardiff, a distance of about one hundred and sixty-four miles. The van carried a load of half a ton of asbestos, and successfully concluded the journey in twenty-five hours, without stopping for repairs or any other purpose. The motive power was steam, and we presume that the engine was fitted with a tubular boiler of the Serpollet pattern.

Machines for the saving of household labour are many, and are likely to increase now that electricity for motive power can be brought to our doors. The other day we described an appliance for ridding furniture and carpets of dust by means of suction bellows. Our attention is now directed to a floor-scrubbing machine, a practical demonstration of which was given lately at Newcastle. This useful mechanical housemaid will scrub the floor, collect all the slop and dirt as fast as they are formed, and wipe the boards dry into the bargain. Moreover, this work is done more thoroughly than by hand, for the use of the machine allows the water to be used at a very high temperature. The machine is placed on the market by a syndicate at Middlesborough.

The French school at Delphi has lately unearthed two slabs of limestone which bear an inscription which is of great interest, dating as it does from the fourth century B.C. This inscription, which consists of about two hundred lines, gives the price of work for building operations in Greece at the period named, and from it we learn that an architect was paid at the rate of under £30 per annum. This is not a great sum, even if its purchasing power is multiplied, as it should be, by five or six.

The idea of making wine in Britain from anything more pretentious than rhubarb, currant, cowslip, or elderberry would seem to be extremely quixotic. But it is a fact that after twenty-one years' trial, Lord Bute has, at Cardiff, succeeded in making the industry pay. Starting with three acres of vines, of a description which was known to thrive well in the colder parts of France, and planting on a sunny slope, in light and porous loam, he regarded the results as so promising that at the end of ten years he laid out eleven acres more. In 1893 he obtained from these fourteen acres a yield of forty hogsheads of wine, which is about seventy per cent. of what a full crop from the same acreage would yield in Germany. This wine fetched in the market three thousand pounds, and some of it, on resale, was disposed of for a hundred and fifteen shillings per dozen. During the twenty-one years there were, of course, bad seasons and good, some years being altogether barren, but, on the whole, the enterprise has succeeded in a way which is astonishing, considering the fickleness of our climate.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, London, the secretary, Mr J. B. Sowerby, showed paper made from some stems of the Egyptian papyrus, which had been grown in a tank in the society's gardens. The papyrus may be described as a tall, smooth reed, with a delicate white pith, from which the ancient Egyptians made a writing material by slicing the pith into flat strips, laying them side by side, and uniting the whole by pressure. The Greeks and Romans, after long trial, decided that papyrus was more reliable than parchment; and that the material is wonderfully durable is shown by the many documents which have been preserved through thirty centuries or more. A piece of the new papyrus alluded to above was compared with an old specimen from an Egyptian tomb, and the only difference between the two was the darker colour of the older piece. It is a curious circumstance that the plant is now extinct in Lower Egypt, where at one time it was so abundant.

A correspondent, dating from Sydney, New South Wales, calls attention to the urgent want of legislation to protect the Australian fauna. He says that in a few years many species will become extinct, owing to the indiscriminate slaughter which goes on. 'It is a common thing now to see great wagon-loads of the skins of the kangaroo, the wallaby, the opossum, and other animals passing through our streets for shipment to London, where they bring high prices.' Our correspondent states that in Tasmania the greed of the traders has already cleared the ground of many animals, and he cites an interesting experiment made by the government there, in order to remedy the evil. One hundred kangaroos were turned loose, but, having been partly tamed, they did not return to the wild state, and quickly fell victims to the hunters.

Unfortunately it is not only in Australia that the land is being denuded of its animals, as well as of rare plants and insects. Both the Norwegian government and that of the United States have established sanctuaries, with excellent results, and such a course is being adopted for the preservation of big game in other countries. It has recently been suggested that such a place of refuge is highly desirable in England, and that no better sanctuary could be found than the New Forest, Hampshire—which at present is the happy hunting ground of sportsmen, botanists, and entomologists. A correspondent of the *Times*, who suggests this scheme, very pertinently writes: 'Possibly a few years hence the present craze for regarding everything wild as a proper subject for self-appropriation, for destruction, or for the gratification of the vanity of the "sportsman," will have passed away, and our descendants will be wondering how we can have allowed a common inheritance to be lost by the selfishness of individuals. Surely the native species of a country are as worthy of preservation as the west front of a cathedral, or an historic monument; for are they not older than all building or all history? and, alas! when once destroyed can never be supplied.'

Some interesting notes regarding the researches of Mr J. E. S. Moore, who was sent out to Africa last year by the Royal Society to study the various organisms of marine type which had been discovered in Lake Tanganyika, have recently

been published. Mr Moore verified the previously recorded presence of marine shells and medusae in the lake, and he also corroborated the statement by former travellers of the curious behaviour of a large fish, which rushes at the paddles of a canoe passing through the water. The lake seems to teem with fish, and Mr Moore caught great numbers by trailing a line with an artificial minnow attached behind his boat. Many of these fish weighed as much as sixty pounds; there is also found in the lake a sort of mud-fish, ninety pounds in weight, and a large electric one, which gives a severe shock on being handled. On the east side of the lake, in a bay in which the striped leech abounds, Mr Moore found a small fish which was marked in imitation of the leech, a case of protective mimicry apparently, for the kingfishers, while constantly picking up other small fish, carefully avoided this one. In a fight between a leopard and a crocodile, which seized the leopard when it came down to the edge of the lake to drink, a very exciting contest was witnessed. The leopard attempted to escape, but the crocodile had seized it by one of the hind-legs, and eventually succeeded in pulling the limb clean off. The leopard shortly afterwards died on the bank of the lake.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the second-class carriages on our railways are so unprofitable that many of the companies have followed the example of the Midland Railway, and abolished them, leaving their patrons to sort themselves into first and third class grades. Last May this same question was discussed by the South Western Railway directors, and the general manager expressed the opinion that if the second-class fares were reduced so as to be only 20 per cent. more than the third, instead of 50 per cent. as of yore, there would be plenty of patronage for them by persons who would willingly pay a little more for the advantage of more select fellow-travellers. The scheme was adopted, and its success has proved the soundness of the manager's conclusions. On 1st May the reduction in second-class fares was made, and during the seven months ending 3d November there was an increase of nearly one hundred thousand second-class passengers—representing a gain to the company of nearly £17,000. During the same period, too, the first-class passengers have increased in number, showing that the second-class traffic has not benefited at the expense of the first.

Many machines have been devised for writing shorthand on the typewriter principle, but none has proved very successful. But a better result is anticipated for a shorthand machine recently invented by Mr J. F. Hardy, which has the great merits of being small, compact, silent in action, and inexpensive to produce. It measures 8 by 7 inches, and is about 4 inches high, and it possesses only six keys, by the various combinations of which a dot-and-dash shorthand of the Morse kind is printed on a sheet of paper, in regular lines, which begin and end automatically, without attention by the operator. The patentee declares that it is easier to become proficient with this machine than to acquire ordinary shorthand, and using the pen. One obvious advantage of such a system is that any one acquainted with it can readily decipher the signs, and change them

into longhand. At the same time it is evident that were such a machine successful enough to be generally adopted, compositors in printing offices would be instructed to set up type direct from the machine record, so that there would be no need to translate the words into longhand.

The youngest student of geology or fossil hunter knows what an ammonite is, but perhaps he does not know that the only living representative of the very large family of ammonites is the Pearly Nautilus, an interesting creature allied to the cuttlefish, about the growth of which in its younger stages hitherto little has been known. In order to study the subject completely, Dr Arthur Willey, of University College, London, sailed for the South Seas two and a half years ago, in search of the eggs of the Pearly Nautilus, and it has recently been reported to the Royal Society—under whose auspices the research has been undertaken—that after considerable trouble, and by the construction of a submarine cage, in which specimens of the nautilus were fed daily, a number of eggs had been secured. Each egg is as large as a grape, and is deposited separately. It is necessary, in order to understand the structure and manner of construction of the beautiful chambered shell of the nautilus, that the gradual growth of the young in the egg should be carefully observed, and doubtless by now this hitherto blank page in the book of knowledge has been filled in.

It has hitherto been the custom when a valuable steel-engraving has had the authorised number of proofs printed from it, to break up and utterly destroy the original plate. In this way much beautiful work has been lost to posterity. We are glad to learn that this rule will now in certain cases be relaxed, and that, by arrangement with the Printsellers' Association, engraved plates will be sent from time to time for exhibition at South Kensington Museum, it being understood that no one shall have access to them excepting for purposes of study. Some say that the modern photogravure has killed steel-engraving, just as the wood-engraver suffers by the introduction of an allied process. But it is more than probable that line-engraving may see a revival, and the exhibition of the best examples of the art for the encouragement and emulation of students is one of the best means to bring about so desirable a result.

All who are engaged in practical electrical work know how, in the neighbourhood of dynamo machines, all steel tools are turned into permanent magnets. A workman will take from his bench chisels, gouges, or hammers, and will show how strings of nails will depend from them, just as if they had been purposely, instead of accidentally, magnetised. Unfortunately the same effect is produced upon the steel parts of an ordinary watch, the hair-spring, lever, escapement-wheel, &c. being turned into magnets should the wearer approach certain electrical apparatus in action. This magnetisation of the steel parts of a watch will throw it completely out of gear and will sometimes stop it altogether; hence visitors to electrical works are generally careful to leave their watches in the care of the hall-keeper. But in spite of all precautions a watch will often become affected, and various means of demagnetising it are known. Mr T. W. Lewis, president of

the Horological Society of Philadelphia, recently read a paper before the Franklin Institute upon this important subject, and described an apparatus which he had devised for destroying magnetism in watches. It consisted of an appliance for giving the watch a horizontal and vertical rotary movement while it was drawn slowly in and out of a helix of wire through which an electric current is passed. By this means the polarity of each steel part of the watch is changed with a gradually diminishing force, until each is restored to its normal condition.

Most of the wells in and near London which used to be celebrated for their supposed curative properties have disappeared under the advance of bricks and mortar. Even the famous chalybeate spring in Well Walk, Hampstead, runs so slowly that an analyst the other day collected only one gallon in four hours. The water from this old well used to be so much valued that it was bottled, and sold in various parts of the metropolis, and was eagerly bought by numbers who believed in its virtues. A new chalybeate spring was recently discovered near Hampton Court under curious circumstances. The South Western Railway Company had sunk a well for the purpose of getting water with which to wash down their carriages, but they found that the water contained so much iron that a rusty deposit was left by it, and the well has had to be abandoned for that reason. It is now suggested that this water, although unfit for washing purposes, would be valuable medicinally, for analysis shows that it is similar to the Wells of Tunbridge, Whitby, and Scarborough. Moreover, as the yield is 20,000 gallons a day, there is plenty of water to supply a public drinking-fountain, which would be greatly valued at a place so much resorted to as Hampton Court.

THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

THE Commander-in-Chief having by his recent thoughtful action directed attention to the West India Regiment, and the powers that be having just resolved to add another battalion to it, it may not be out of place to give a short sketch of the corps that is vaguely known to the public as a portion of the British army which consists of black men officered by white men.

The regiment is composed of two battalions, with a depot at Kingston, Jamaica. One battalion is on service in the West Indies, with headquarters at Jamaica; the other on the west coast of Africa, with headquarters at Sierra Leone. Once posted to the regiment, an officer passes his whole career in it, unless he exchanges or is specially transferred. This means that an Englishman accepting a commission in the corps practically becomes alienated from his native land until he severs his connection with the army. His military service is monotonous and spent in a dangerous climate; and he constantly endures hardships which are unknown to the great majority of his more favoured comrades at home, in India, or at other foreign stations.

Recognising his disadvantages, Lord Wolseley has brought about an increase in the pay of the West India officer, who will now, while actually

serving on the west coast of Africa, receive additional pay at the rate of 3s. a day, or £54, 12s. yearly. This will, no doubt, reconcile the recipient to much that is hard in his lot.

There were originally twelve West India battalions. Of these some traces have been found. Tradition adds four more, but there is reason to believe that these four were mythical, and existed on paper only. The present 1st and 2d Battalions came into existence just over a century ago, in 1795. In the same year the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Battalions were also raised, but these were disbanded—the 3d and 4th in 1819, and the 5th and 6th in 1817. A 7th Battalion was raised in 1796, and in 1798 the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Battalions were formed; but all these were disbanded in 1802. Afterwards several of the battalions were re-raised and again disbanded—the whole proceeding being somewhat bewildering. The 4th, for instance, was re-raised in 1862, and disbanded in 1869 in Barbadoes and Demerara. The 5th was resuscitated in 1863 in Jamaica and Lagos, non-commissioned officers and some men from the disbanded St Helena Regiment and the Gold Coast Artillery being transferred. This battalion was again disbanded in 1865.

The West India Regiment claims to be the lineal descendant of the Royal Carolina Regiment which was sent to the West Indies on the conclusion of the War of Independence in 1776. The claim of the corps to be a royal one was to a certain extent allowed when, on the amalgamation of the 1st and 2d West India Regiments, they were granted the garter and the garter motto—worn by royal regiments only—on their helmet-plates, &c. The wreath on one side of the badge now worn is the English laurel; on the other the Carolina laurel, another vestige of the old title.

The regiment has a very strong establishment of officers—5 lieutenant-colonels, 6 majors, 17 captains, 42 lieutenants, and 18 second lieutenants. The junior ranks, therefore, are in much greater proportion to the senior than is the case with the line, the West India having 60 subalterns to 28 captains and field officers; and the line having 30 subalterns to 22 of the higher ranks.

Most of the non-commissioned officers and men are coloured, and are recruited chiefly in Jamaica. A number of the staff sergeants are white. A peculiarity of the corps is that a portion of the men are to some extent instructed as artillerymen, and do duty as such on the west coast when called upon. The West India battalion numbers 1011 of all ranks; the African has a total of 912; and the dépôt 300.

No very long time has elapsed since the two battalions were, to a great extent, recruited from Africans, but the enlistment of these negroes has ceased, and the regiment now consists mainly of West Indians. Of these men Colonel Ellis, in his excellent history of the first West India Regiment, spoke in the warmest manner. That officer knew them well, and he put it on record that these English-speaking negroes of the West Indies are docile, patient, brave, and faithful, 'and for an officer who knows how to gain their affections—an easy matter, requiring only justness, good temper, and an ear ready to listen patiently to any tale of real or imaginary grievance—they will do anything.'

Uniforms of line infantry pattern are worn by

the officers and English staff, Zouave dress being worn by the West Indian non-commissioned officers and men. The picturesque Zouave dress was introduced in 1857. Until that time the uniform was the same as that of the line. The facings nowadays are white, but at one time they were very varied—the 1st Battalion's being white, the 2d yellow, the 3d blue, the 4th green, and the 5th red.

The peculiar nature of the services of the West India Regiment is shown by the battle-honours officially borne—'Dominica,' 'Martinique,' 'Guadeloupe,' and 'Ashantee.' Such are the honours as they are given in the *Army List* to-day; but the list is not complete, for there are other distinctions to be granted for the brilliant and arduous work by the West India Regiment in Africa in the years 1892-94.

MISSED.

I MISS you, dear, in the spring-time when the willows blossom whitely,
When the sloe boughs bloom and burgeon, and the blackbirds build and sing,
When over the sky of azure the white-fringed clouds pass lightly,
When violets wake in the woodlands, and the corn blades freshly spring.

But I miss you, too, in summer when the waves break on the shingle,
When the languid lilies' perfume is wafted upon the breeze,
When creamy, and pink, and fragrant the roses nod in the dingle,
When the kingcups turn the meadows to glistening and golden seas.

And I miss you more in autumn when in rustling corn-fields yellow
Reapers sing their lays of gladness, when the plovers loudly call,
When the woods are gold emblazoned, and the apple orchards mellow,
And the bramble red and purple where the ripened berries fall.

But most of all I miss you when the snowflakes white are flying,
When the days are dark and dreary, and the nights are long and drear;
When through leafless forest branches winds are sadly sobbing, sighing,
Then it is I think I miss you, oh, the most of all, my dear.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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